

THE
MILLERS
Beautiful Daughter ;
O R
True LOVE and Heroic VIRTUE
O F
Polly Charlton,

Who through the Misfortunes of her Parents,
was sent Servant to a rich Lady, in whose
Family happen'd many strange Particulars.

L O N D O N.

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fice, the Ship and Crown, *Leaden-Hall-*
Street, where Tradesmens Bills are Printed
neat and Reasonable.

MILLER'S

Essential Ingredients

Time Love and Fidelity

Polly Charleston

Who thought the Mountains of her Fatherland
Was lost to her in a far land
Family name and home were lost to her

LONDON

Printed and Sold at the Office of the
The London and Westminster
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THE
HISTORY
OF
Polly Charlton. &c.

P*OLLY* was a Miller's Daughter in *Hampshire*. who had nothing but his Labour to support a Wife and three Daughters. *Polly* was the eldest, *Sally* the next, and *Jenny* the youngest. Notwithstanding their stinted fortune, the Mother kept them with Spinning and other housewifely industry, very neat and clean in their Apparel. All the three Girls were remarkably pretty, but *Polly* was so to greater Degree. At the Age of Fifteen she shewed a particrlar Sprightliness, Vivacity and Wit; and often pronounced judgement, upon different Accidents, with a clearness of Under-

standing, not to be expected from one of her Age and Education; which amounted to no more than a Country Shool, Working Reading and Writing.

The Millers Business declining, he was obliged to think of parting with his Daughters which was a very great Unhappiness to him, and the Mother was almost inconsolable at the Thought: But Necessity would have it so, and they looked out in order to get a Place for *Polly*; who, being the eldest, they thought she ought to be first provided for. They heard of many Pces; but, so tender was their Care of her, that they inquir'd into every Particular of the Family before they would think of letting their Daughter go into it. As they were so difficult to please, it was some Time before they could fix: At length they heard of a Service to their Minds. It was in the Family of a widow Lady, whom I shall mention by the name of *Louisa*, whose Husband was killed at a battle in *Flanders*. This Lady had only one Son, and a Daughter of about five Years old. Lik'd *Polly*, and knew the Character of her Parents, that they were honest working People, and readily excepted of her to wait upon Miss. She was greatly lik'd in the Family

mily, and every Thing seem'd contrived to make her happy.

Charles, the Son of *Louisa* was about Nineteen, and just upon the point of buying a Commission he was a gay young Fellow, was not insensible of the Beauty of *Polly*; and he often gave her a kind Glance, and sometimes a gentle Squeeze by the Hand, which she took for a Mark of his Esteem, and valu'd herself upon the Honour he confer'd on her.

From these little Familiarities he proceeded to greater, and took every Occasion to whisper soft Things in her Ear; and sometimes stole a Kiss, which *Polly* reciev'd but did not give any Marks of Approbation.

He went on with these light Pleasures for near eight Months, without gaining in that Time any opportunity of being more explicit: At last he met her one Evening, gathering Fruit in the Orchard, when he attack'd her in a more violent Manner, kiss'd her a thousand Times, and even proceeded to attempt greater Liberties; when *Polly*, with a decent Indignation, threw herself from him, and with a noble Resolution Virtue only can assume, said, *Sir, I am afraid your Warmth does not proceed from Love, but a vain Opinion that. as I am a*
Servant

Servant in the Family, you have a Power to treat me as you please. I have forbore reproaching your Folly, while it kept within the Rules of Decency; but, since you have endeavour'd to break them, I must Inform you, that whatever Duty I am bound to, my Virtue is my own, to be protected by myself against any Assaults of Power or Bribes of Wealth; and since you have proceeded in a Manner misbecoming your Dignity, and beneath my Virtue, you ought if you are sensible of your Fault, to kneel down and ask my Pardon: But if your Vanity is so predominant as think your base Design is Honour to me; know I dare dispute your Conduct, and for Justice will relate my Case to your Mother, whose Honour will not let her Fondness for a Son Disgrace her Character and Family. With these Words she flew towards the House, leaving Charles in Astonishment at her uncommon Resolution. Soon as he could recover himself he followed her in, in order to prevent her acquainting the old Lady his Mother with what had pass'd. But she was too quick for him; for before he could overtake her she got into her Lady's, Chamber, where he did not chuse to follow her; or if he had, he well knew he could

could have no Opportunity of speaking to her there.

Polly, notwithstanding her Threats, had too much Discretion to disturb the old Lady with a Story of her Son, which of Course would make her uneasy, injure him in her Favour, and get herself the Hatred of the whole Family.

Charles waited with Impatience to see her, which he did not till the next Morning. He took her by the Hand, and trembling begg'd she would forgive what had pass'd, and for the future she should have no occasion to complain of his Behaviour; adding, *My dear Polly, I doat on you, and if I sometimes take more Liberty than your Modesty will grant don't impute it to want of Respect; but on the contrary, to the most violent Passion, the most tender Love that ever yet possess the heart of Man.* *Polly* was not displeas'd with these kind Expressions; for tho' her Virtue was proof against all Attacks of Vice, yet she had a Heart susceptible of Love, and had entertain'd some tender thoughts of *Charles*; for he was a tall young Gentleman form'd by Nature to attract the Fair Sex. The Pleasure she felt from *Charles*' Declaration of Love gave new Lustre to her Beauty and fresh Spirits to her

her Wit, which still encreas'd the Passion of her Lover.

It was not long before these Lovers confess'd their mutual Passions to each other, and even settled the Time of their happy Union. While they were happy in Expectation of their future Joys, came down from *London* one Mr. Le Dupe, a young Fellow of Fortune, but of most debauch'd Morrals. As he had been Intimate with *Charles* at School, hew as genteely receiv'd by *Louisa* and all the Family.—*Charles* soon unbosm'd himself to his Friend, told him the Passion he had for *Polly*, and his Resolution of marring her as soon as he was his own Master.

Le Dupe, who had no Sense of honorable Love whose Amours had never mounted higher than with a common Prostitute in a Brothel, and never felt the Passion in its Vigour, when Virtue sanctifies the Flame, blamed his Resolution; saying, *What? marry a little Servant Wench, that your Footman may have had before you? No, no, give her two or three, Pieces, enjoy her for a Week or two, and then turn her about her Business. Prithe don't be a Fool: You don't know how to attack a Wench of this Kind;*
let

let me take her in hand, and I'll lay a Hundred Pounds she's mine before To-morrow Night.

Le Dupe kept continually buzzing in his Ears the Scandal he would bring upon his Family by marrying so much beneath his Rank, and other Arguments; which had so much Effect upon *Charles*, that tho' they could not alter his Affections, yet broke in upon that Honour he had hitherto maintain'd and set him upon pushing at the compleating his Wishes, without repeating his Promise.

An Opportunity to try his Design was not hard to obtain; for since *Charles's* Generous Behaviour *Polly* made no scruple of meeting him when ever she could gain Time from her Attendance on her Lady. He appointed her to meet him in the summer house, at the end of the Grove in the Garden,——When they were met, *Charles* began in his usual gentle Stile; 'till, having work'd himself into an Extasy, he proceeded to Violence, and would certainly have ruin'd the Object that he lov'd, had not *Polly*, enrag'd at this unexpected Treatment, snatch'd his Sword; and, in the Extravagance of her Anger, thrust it into his Breast. He fell, and the Floor was soon cover'd with Blood.

B

Polly

Polly, surprized and shock'd at what she had done, stood motionless till Charles recover'd Spirits enough to say *O Polly, I forgive you, don't think too hardly of me, for what I attempted was by the over Persuasions of La Dupe, and not my own Inclinations.——But call for Help, or I shall bleed to Death.——Polly run out, but he cry'd after her, O my Love go not to the House, but make your Escape; for if I die, the Truth will never be known. Your just Resentments will turn against you, and you'll be punish'd for defending that which I so basely would have ruin'd.*

Polly was too much alarm'd to take any Notice of these Cautions, but ran screaming into the House, saying all the Way, *I have murder'd him! O poor Charles, I have murder'd him!* The Family was soon alarm'd and went to his Assistance, but found him speechless, and quite incapable of giving any Answer, thro' the Effusion of Blood he had lost. Surgeons were sent for, and all proper Means us'd for his Recovery; nor were they without Hopes, for the surgeons said, *The Wound was not mortal; and if they could prevent a Fever, he was in no Danger.*

Before Charles could be brought to his Senses, Polly us'd with the utmost Contempt; and tho' not put into the Hands of an Officer, yet was
strictly

strictly watch'd, and made a Prisoner in her own Chamber, where she tore her Hair, and felt the extremest Agonies for her expiring Lover; Begging to see him; saying, *Let me but see him die, and you shall be Witnesses of the Justice I will execute on myself for my ungovernable Rashness.*

While Polly was in this Condition, Charles, was not behind her in Agony, his Wound was scarcely dress'd, before he call'd for Polly. *Fetch her to my Sight,* said he, *my dear, my virtuous Love, or all your Care to heal me will prove ineffectual:* And when they refused his Request, saying, *What would you have your Murderer in your Bosom;* No, let her be given up to Justice. *Justice!* replied he, *any Sentence that passes on Polly must disgrace the Judge, and shame the Prosecutor, unless it be to raise a Monument to her Virtue; that by her Example, Passions may be punished as they deserve.* *Fetch her to me,* added he, *immediately; or, by all my Hopes of Happiness hereafter, I'll rend open my Wound and put an end to all my pains at once.*

Louisa and her Friends, seeing him so resolute, resolved to comply with his Request, lest the Agony of Mind he was in should throw

him into a Fever, and defeat all their Hopes of saving him. Accordingly *Polly* was sent for; who came trembling and weeping to the Bed-side, where *Charles* made a Motion with his Hand for her to sit down, and then begg'd his Mother and the Company to withdraw.

When they were gone, *Polly* fell upon her Knees, and begg'd Pardon for her Rashness; adding, *I hope you will recover; but, if Providence decrees otherwise, let me have your forgiveness. It will be some comfort to my Soul, that will soon take its Flight when you are gone.* *Charles* with all the tenderness of Love, reply'd; *Polly, don't torment thyself, you have done but Justice. If I survive, I'll prove the high regard I pay your Virtue: if I die, let it be a Mark of your Esteem, in obeying my Commands, of being happy and enjoying my Fortune. My Friend persuaded me or I had never deserved your Resentment.* Here a Flood of Tears stopp'd their Words 'till *Louisa* and her Company return'd with the Surgeon, who gave them great hopes of his Recovery.

Charles lay a Fortnight ill; during which Time he would have no Attendant but *Polly*, who chearfully undertook the Office of a Nurse.

Whether

Whether *Pollys* presence and the the tender Discourse he had with her, any ways contributed to his Health, I know not; but it is certain, in eight Days Time he recover'd beyond the hopes of the Physicians. At the end of a Fortnight he was able to ride, walk, and use every Exercise, as usual. the Moment he found he was fit to go abroad, he insisted on his Mothers fixing the Day of Marriage with *Polly*. She comply'd with his Inclinations, the Ceremony was performd, accordingly and the Nuptials were celebrated with all the Joy and Magnificence the Occasion required. They are now alive and happy, and the incidents in their Courtship made them more indearing to each other, and often divert a leisure Hour.

— I hope every Youth that reads this, will have the same Honour of *Charles*, and every young Lady the heroic Virtue of *Polly*.

F I N I S.

THE
HISTORY
OF
Bob Stevens.

I KNOW not any greater misfortune that can happen to a young fellow at his first setting out in life, than in falling into low company. He that sinks to a familiarity with persons much below his own level, will be constantly weighed down by his base connections; and though he may easily plunge still lower, he will find it impossible ever to rise again. We cannot give a liberal turn of mind to a vulgar by introducing him to genteel company, any more than we can make a beau of him by dressing him in embroidery; but a gentleman will as naturally catch the manners of a blackguard by mixing with blackguards as he would daub his cloaths with soot by running against a chimney sweeper.

The apes of quality affect to look upon all others, who have no relish for the amusements, of high life, or do not chuse to pay a guinea for their ordinary, as downright vulgars; and it was with the utmost contempt I once heard a young coxcomb of fashion speak of a most intimate friend, 'that he should be forced to drop his acquaintance, because he kept such low company.' Neither would I confine this appellation solely to the inferior order of tradesmen and mechanics, or the whole body of the mobility in general; for although this rank of people may be literally said to be in low life, a right honourable, who lets himself
down

down to the manners of a porter or hackney coachman, differs from them in nothing but his title.

Those who are naturally of a groveling disposition, shew it even at school, by chusing their play-mates from the scum of the class; and are never so happy, as when they can steal down to romp with the servants in the kitchen. but the most frequent cause is the desire of being, as it is called the head of the company; and a person of this humble ambition will be very well content to pay the reckoning, for the honour of being distinguished by the title of the gentleman. It sometimes happens, that a man of genius and learning will stoop to receive the incense of mean and illiterate flatterers in a porter-house or a cyder-cellar; and I remember to have heard of a poet, who was once caught in a bawdy house in the very act of reading his verses to the good old mother and a circle of her daughter.

There are some who have been led into low company, merely from affection of humour, and from a notion of seeing life and a desire of being accounted men of humour, have descended to associate with the meanest of the mob, and picked their cronies from *White Chapple* and *Broad St. Giles's*. Of these characters the most remarkable is a young fellow of family and fortune, who was born and bred a gentleman, but has taken great pains to degrade himself; and is now as complete a blackguard as those whom he has chosen for his companions. He will drink purl in a morning, smoke his pipe in a night cellar, and eat black puddings at *Bartholomew Fair*, for the humour of the thing. All the while he is reckoned by his friends to be a mighty good natured gentleman, and without the least bit of pride in him.

In order to qualify himself for the society of the vulgar, *Bob* has studied and practised all the vulgar arts under the best masters. He has therefore cultivated an acquaintance with *Buckhorse*, and is very proud of being sometimes admitted to the honour of conversing with the great *Broughton* himself. He is also very well known among the hackney coachmen as a brother whip; but his greatest excellence is cricket playing, in which he is reckoned as good a bat as either of the *Bennets*; and is at length arrived at the supreme dignity of being distinguished among his brethren of the wicket by the title of *Long Robin*.

It is diverting enough to consider the fate of many of *Bob's* intimate friends and acquaintance. It must be owned, that some of these have come to an untimely end; that some have been sent abroad, and others been set in the pillory, or whipt in *Bridewell*. One of *Bob's* favourite amusements is attending the executions at *Tyburn*: and it once happened, that one of his companions was unfortunately brought thither; when *Bob* carried his regard for his deceased friend so far, as to get himself knocked down by endeavouring to rescue the body from the furgeons.

As *Bob* constantly affects to mimic the air and manners of the vulgar, he takes care to enrich his conversation with the emphatical oaths and expressive dialect of *Billingsgate* and *St. Giles'*; which never fails to recommend him as a man of excellent humour among the *choice spirits* and the *sons of sound sense and satisfaction*, and frequently promotes him to the chair in these facetious societies. But he is particularly famous for singing those cant songs, drawn up in the lingo of sharpers and pick pockets; the humour of which he greatly sets off and heightens, by screwing up his mouth, and rolling about a large quid of tobacco between his jaws.

Bob has indulged the same notions of humour even in his amours; and he is well known to every street walker between *Charing Cross* and *Cheapside*. This has ruined his constitution, and often involved him in several unlucky scrapes. He has been frequently bruised, beat, and kicked by the bullies in *Fleet-Ditch* and *Black-boy-Alley*; and he was once soundly drubbed by a soldier for engaging with his trull in *St. James's park*. The last time I saw him, he was laid up with two black eyes, and a broken head, which he got in a midnight skirmish about a mistress in a night cellar. He had carried down a bunter which had picked up in the street, in order to treat her with a quartern of gin royal; when a sturdy chairman attempting to take away his doxy, a battle ensued between them, and he was severely handled, amid the universal cry of the whole company, of--kick him *up* stairs, kick him *up* stairs.

F I N I S.